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## "her eyes say, and My headlong tax and mote"

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## JULIE GERMAINE

*"her eyes say, and My headlong tax and mote"*

-Gwendolyn Brooks, "In the Mecca"

A head shaped like a light bulb, her eyes  
say six ways to Sunday, driving:  
not into cars but I love mine and  
sense quorum on narrow avenue.

Sharking late night or dusk, not-cops virtual profile intelligence  
from our very stoop and mug the neighbor at gunpoint,

what to do, what to do. December, be generous be money  
mine. In recent letters,  
edit chump change and woe, remember the future, say something funny  
to end me, a sham, by.

What's a white girl to do with race:

blank fate:

women are receptacles, Earlene, you never said no,

so. I

am the bitter one  
sung from the old oak  
, please.

She compares holes in clothes

*Make me new.*

and collapses under his strong arm

*Take me now.*

last week (on) lost.